

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Our swings down by the Cat Steps in Nelson

In those days, Nelson was a small town with a tight-knit community. The recreation ground down Carr Road was our haven, where we would spend endless hours immersed in adventure and laughter. As children, we were fearless, oblivious to the dangers that lurked around us. The journey to Woodside Terrace, where the majestic trees stood, was always an exciting one. We would scamper down the cat steps, worn and weathered by countless footsteps over the years. These steps were like a secret passage, leading us to a magical realm where imagination soared.

As we arrived at Woodside Terrace, our eyes would light up with anticipation. The great trees towered above us, their branches reaching out like welcoming arms. They became our playground, offering endless opportunities for swinging, climbing, and exploring. The swings were our favorite, providing a rush of adrenaline as we soared through the air, defying gravity. We would swing so high that we felt like we were touching the clouds, the world beneath us a blur.

From our perch on the swings, we had a breathtaking view. We could gaze across to Victoria Park, a lush green oasis that brought solace to the weary souls. The park was always alive with families picnicking, children running around, and couples strolling hand in hand. It was a place of tranquility, a stark contrast to the excitement of our own little realm.

Turning our heads to the right, we would see the grandeur of Nelson Football Club. The stadium stood tall, its walls echoing with cheers and shouts on match days. We imagined ourselves as star players, scoring goals and winning the hearts of the crowd. The old cricket ground and bowling green were nearby, where seasoned players showcased their skills with finesse and grace.

Time seemed to stand still in those moments of innocent joy. We laughed, we played, and we reveled in the camaraderie that only childhood friendships can offer. The memories we created in that recreation ground became etched in our hearts, a testament to the carefree days of our youth.

Years have passed since then, and life has taken us on different paths. The swings may have long been replaced, and the trees may have grown taller, but the spirit of those childhood adventures lives on within us. Whenever we return to Nelson, we make sure to visit the recreation ground down Carr Road. As we stand on the cat steps, memories come flooding back, and we are transported to a time when swinging from those great trees was the epitome of freedom.

And as we look across to Victoria Park, Nelson Football Club, and the old cricket ground and bowling green, we are reminded of the simple joys we experienced and the unbreakable bonds we formed. The recreation ground may have been a physical place, but its significance goes far beyond that. It represents the resilience, the laughter, and the limitless possibilities that defined our childhood.

As the sun sets over Nelson, casting a warm glow on the memories we hold dear, we realize that no matter how much time passes, the recreation ground down Carr Road will forever be a cherished part of who we are.

By Donald Jay